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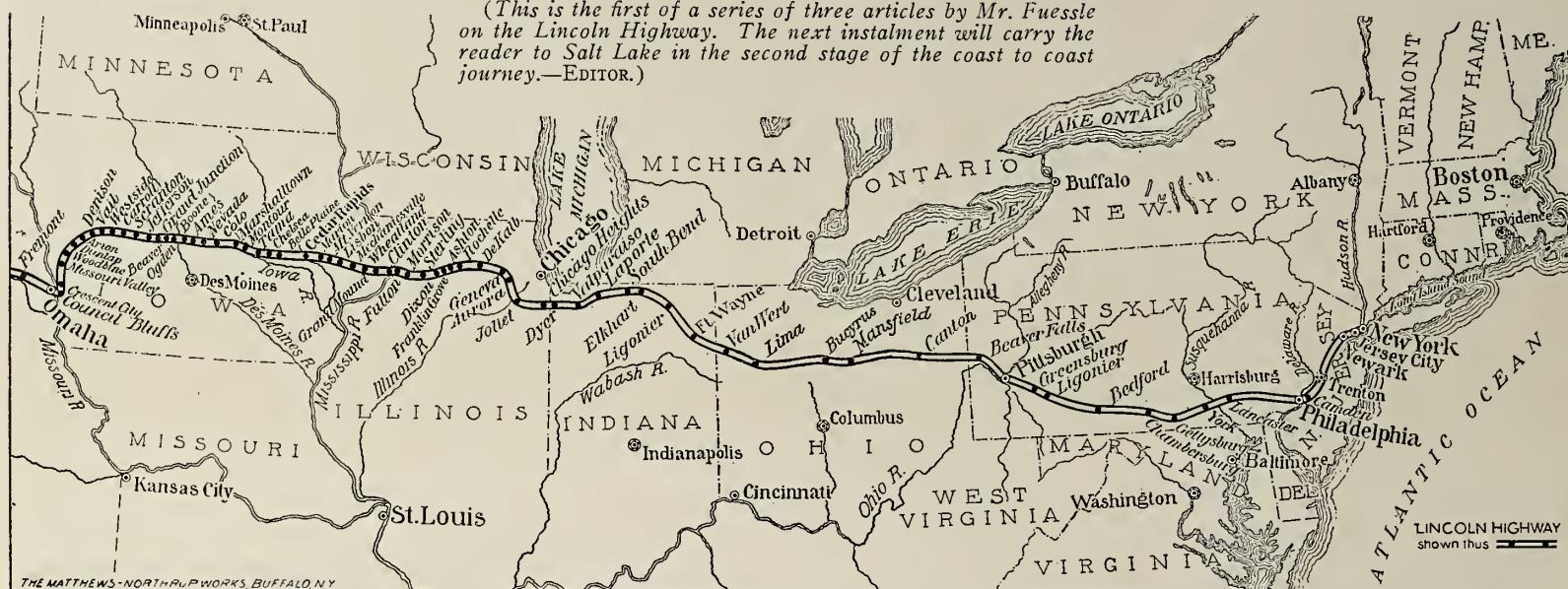
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THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY—A NATIONAL ROAD

FROM NEW YORK TO MISSOURI OVER THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL MOTOR ROUTE—WHAT THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY MEANS TO AMERICAN TRAVEL

NEWTON A. FUSSLER

(This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Fuessler on the Lincoln Highway. The next instalment will carry the reader to Salt Lake in the second stage of the coast to coast journey.—EDITOR.)



EUROPE'S crimson trenches and ghastly battlefields have made chaos of the beaten paths of American wanderers.

Many of our erstwhile pilgrims to haunts of beauty overseas are downcast with visions of Louvain sacked; of the uncannily beautiful architectural lace-work of Rheims in tatters; of quaint old Liège racked and torn.

But dimly visible behind the smoke of conflict one may behold the figure of an Aladdin, rubbing a lamp that is revealing to Americans the magic of their own highways, and discovering to the world unguessed spots of beauty; blue and emerald and burnished turquoise lakes dreaming amid the weird stillness of mountains like the Trossachs of storied Scotland; an immensity of mountain ranges that beggars the highlands of the Old World; leagues of painted desert stretches that dazzle and enchant.

One wonder-trail in particular has America, which, running like a gleaming thread of gold from sea to sea, is girding the continent with startlingly new and romantic values. It is the Lincoln Highway, the greater Appian Way, America's imperishable memorial to Abraham Lincoln. A little over a year ago it was made of the gossamer stuff of dreams. To-day it has been spun into vivid reality. Nearly eighty per cent of the 3,400 miles of this New York to San Francisco thoroughfare already gleams with the familiar red-white-and-blue markers, making it impossible for the traveler to lose his way. Motorists are making the journey in from nineteen to thirty days, driving easily. The entire expenses of a car and four passengers covering this route should not exceed \$240, including gasoline, oil and provisions, but not including expenses of tires and repairs to the car caused by wear or breakage.

The Highway cuts a cross-section of America—its life and manners, history and traditions, hopes and dreams and ambitions, its multitude of interests, its tangle of industries, its wealth of resource, power, color and endless beauties. The Lincoln Way is a road to yesterday, leading the traveler over and past the vanishing trails of the pioneers, and among the graphic records of the past. There is hardly a foot of the way that is not cluttered and crowded with memories—with proud ghosts of gone events. Had the Highway's

route through its thirteen States been picked with primary reference to its wealth of tradition, instead of its directness, its flocks of memories could hardly have been more impressive.

America's amazing Highway is at once a road to yesterday and a road to to-morrow. Teaching patriotism, sewing up the remaining ragged edges of sectionalism, revealing and interpreting America to its people, giving swifter feet to commerce, gathering up the country's loose ends of desultory and disjointed good roads ardor and binding them into one highly organized, proficient unit of dynamic, result-getting force, electric with zeal, it is quickening American neighborliness, democracy, progress and civilization.

The tremendous significance which the whirl of sinister developments in Europe's theater of war has given to the "See America

First" movement, has clothed the project of the Lincoln Highway Association with singular importance. Its president, Henry B. Joy, and his associates, who conceived the idea in September, 1913, labored with what has now all the aspect of some strange, subconscious clairvoyance, to wring their epic dream into reality.

The Lincoln Way, when perfected, will be much more than a mere transcontinental motor-path for lovers of steering-wheel and far-flung open road. Already, at every twist and turn, the traveler on this highway comprehends its significance as the impressive nucleus of a nation-wide network of good

roads to complement railway, river and canal in the fretful task of distribution, under the austere proportions of which America has groaned for decades, and for which it has paid the grievous toll of an ever mounting cost of living.

Such is the background of significance, hastily sketched, of the great new motor trail which offers not only consolation to tourists cut off abruptly from their European haunts, but an intimacy with their own America such as has never been vouchsafed them by any other means. One may whirl across the continent a score of times as a railway passenger and never sense the slightest fraction of the feeling of nearness to the States and cities traversed, which the motorist, following the Lincoln Highway, experiences. The Highway affords an incomparable inspirational course in Americanism.



How the towns are co-operating to make the Highway a success



The city, for instance, which is the unit of democracy, can be observed and studied in the whole gamut of its manifestations if you traverse the Lincoln Way. It will lead you, like no other guide, through the startling wonders of American physical geography, with all its marvels of placid lowland and tumbled mountain ranges, forest, farmland and prairie, valley and dreaming river, lake and hills, cool seashore and savage desert.

Already this Highway, despite its present imperfections, has transformed what a year ago was a high adventure bristling with perils and pitfalls, into one that any competent motorist may now undertake. Thousands will motor across the continent to the California expositions, and find good inns and thrilling stretches of admirable, hard-surfaced highway. Others will prefer the smell of wood-smoke at twilight, to sit cross-legged by the jabbering faggots at night, to watch the wagging flames cast weird shadows into the darkness, and then to crawl into sleeping bags and rest upon a bed of pine boughs underneath the stars.

Picking your way through Manhattan's tangle of traffic, you leave behind you the vital, myriad-voiced chant of the city, ferry across



Making a brick speedway near Dayton on the Lincoln Highway

the Hudson to Jersey City, and hum contentedly through old New Jersey, past towns and villages where New York commuters dwell amid orderly hedge rows, close-cropped lawns, and ancient elms. Out of Newark the course leads over the old Newark Plank Road, known by that name for over one hundred years, and now renamed "The Lincoln Highway" over its entire length. This old road has been converted at a tremendous cost into a broad, smooth boulevard, bordered by wide sidewalks and lined with lights. Over the most perfect roads in America you drone on through quiet pastoral landscapes. You pass the campus of Princeton and hurry on over the level stretches embroidered with truck-gardens and vineyards, and across the broad Delaware at Trenton near the point where Washington with his frail boats haz-

arded the perils of floating blocks of ice on the occasion of his history-making crossing.

One writer laments that "where foreigners have capitalized their beauty spots, their historic monuments, their battlefields, their old cities and old ruins and junk heaps of the antique, in terms of tourist value that yearly yields dividends of hundreds of millions from



THROUGH THE OHIO COUNTRYSIDE

In the picturesque country of the Middle West, where the road is now being improved by the State governments. In scenic beauty and historic interest the Lincoln Highway will prove an inspiration to American travelers



AN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWN

The course of the Highway in Pennsylvania everywhere recalls the Colonial and Revolutionary history of the State

American travelers to the foreign pocketbook," Americans have not only *not* capitalized these things, but do not even know the capital value of such possessions. The promoters of the Lincoln Highway have lighted a veritable torch in this connection. In a brief year's



IN THE HILLS OF BEDFORD

Bedford, Pennsylvania, once the headquarters of Washington, now a peaceful mountain resort



THE ROADMENDERS AT DIXON, ILLINOIS

The Lincoln Highway in awakening civic and national pride is abolishing sectionalism in the provincial districts

time they have taken a titanic step toward the correction of this defect.

All the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, the Highway follows the trail of dramatic events that colored the early history of the United States. Just outside of Philadelphia is Valley Forge, and here a marble chapel commemorates the awful winter of 1778. Glinting among the emerald hills, it is one of the solemn guide-posts of this road to yesterday. And now the Highway spins on over regions crossed and recrossed by revolutionists and British, rebels and federals. At Lancaster, Congress sat for a few days in 1777, after the English had occupied Philadelphia; and thence, in 1784, proceeded a band of soldiers to Philadelphia to force the Congress to provide for paying the Continental Army. Here the Highway passes the campus of Franklin and Marshall College, and the rolling and cotton mills and great tobacco warehouses of this busy community. In York, where to-day foundries and machine shops rasp out their product, the Continental Congress held its sessions from September, 1777, to June, 1778, driven from Philadelphia by Howe's army.

The Highway appropriately weaves past Gettysburg, the spot inseparably connected with the stormy days of Lincoln's career, and the scene of his immortal address. Thence the motorist whirls on through Chambersburg, which was entirely burnt by the Confederate general, McClellan, in default of payment of ransom of \$100,000, and later rebuilt, and which is now the mecca and marketplace of the farmers of the fertile valley of the Cumberland. At Chambersburg, too, the Way passes under an arch commemorating the march of Lee's army along the self-same route, headed for the jaws of crushing defeat. The course of the Highway through Pennsylvania is revelatory of the storied past; it is marked with flaming tokens of the gallantry of old, making vivid and vital the traveler's vague text-book knowledge of those stirring times when progress boiled in the crucible. The Highway swings on past Bedford, once the military headquarters of Washington, now a peaceful resort town with its picturesque Bedford Springs, and through the coal-mining and iron and glass-works region of Greensburg, distinguished as the scene of the first court of justice west of the Alleghenies, and the place where the Indians inflicted havoc in 1782. Miners' huts, strung through the hillsides of this section, mark the places where the miners struggle grimly with gigantic coal deposits in the gloom, as well as the region where the recurrent conflict between capital and labor has rent industrial peace.

Ahead, across the rolling landscape, a dark smudge is marked against the sky-line. It is the smoke of Pittsburgh.

The best of roads approach the city of furious toil, passing through Bedford, Ligonier and Greensburg. The route is bright with the tri-colors of Highway markers. Near Bedford all sharp and perilous turns are provided with mirrors, safeguarding motorists against mishap and enabling them to see beyond the turns.

Not only motorists, but coaching parties, have found the Lincoln Highway out of Philadelphia a wonder-trail. Devotees of this old English sport are finding the Lincoln Highway's course, especially between New York and Philadelphia, admirably suited to their whim, while no less an authority than Mr. Frederick H. Strawbridge, the enthusiastic Philadelphia whip, calls the attention of four-in-hand drivers to the perfect feasibility of "tooling" by easy stages over the entire coast-to-coast length of the Lincoln Highway.

The Highway zips through the stretched out farm lands of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with an average of eight markers per mile to guide the tourist. Having



traversed 1,072 miles, it crosses the Mississippi River at Fulton over the old Overland Trail, which it follows from the neighborhood of Chicago clear across to San Francisco. As for traversing these three States, none need feel misgivings. Arena of the sturdy husbandry of the Middle West that it is, its fields of corn, wheat, oats, hay and barley rolling on and on toward the horizon, are bisected by an improved Highway compromised by hardly a bad spot. Ohio has already hard-surfaced over three-quarters of the length of the Way within its boundaries with concrete, brick, or other material, while work on the remainder is being vigorously pushed. Ohio is crossed in almost a straight line through Canton, Mansfield, Bucyrus, Sandusky and Lima. Indiana is reached at Fort Wayne, then on through Goshen, Elkhart and Valparaiso. Welcoming arches abound in this region. Illinois is entered eighteen miles south of Chicago, which may be speedily reached from the highway. At Dixon, Ill., one passes the memorial marking the scene of the great Lincoln-Douglas debate. Illinois has lent itself vigorously to Lincoln Highway perfection. One day last summer Governor Dunne traversed the entire route in his State in a motor car, addressing the populace at many points, and starting the work of road building personally at many locations with a silver shovel. The Illinois State Highway Department has named the Lincoln Highway, "State Aid Road Number One," which means that it is receiving the first attention of the department and the benefit of State-aid money. Will County, Illinois, alone is spending over \$46,000 on Lincoln Way improvement, while Indiana, home State of Carl G. Fisher, originator of the Lincoln Highway idea, was the first State to dedicate a long stretch of roadway built according to Lincoln Highway specifications.

The monotone of the waving grain fields of these Middle Western States is amply relieved by tranquil herds browsing contentedly in their pastures, by curving lanes, country gardens, rivers, glistening brooks, pleasant homes, and thriving towns. There are the pungent perfumes of gnarled orchards, proud silos rising like minarets beside squat barns, rail-fences zigzagging like soft, gray, pencilled lines off across the greens of summer or the browns and ochres of autumn. This, too, is the region of evening skies hung with the extraordinary draperies of remarkable sunsets.

The American travel appetite, honed and whetted by exotic sights and impressions, must crave subconsciously the quieting influence of motoring or coaching through the wholesome, unaffected, homely beauties of the Middle West. And this the Lincoln Highway affords. Between the gentle mountain scenery of the East and the rugged, piled-up glories of the Rockies, this tranquil leg of the journey over ribboned roads through the peaceful valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi is superb in its contrast values.

Confronted as we now are in this country by the question of military preparedness in the event of war, there is an aspect of the Lincoln Highway which has a peculiar appeal at this time.

No sooner had Europe's conflict proved that in war the problem of distribution and transportation is all-important, causing the whole world to take startled stock of its military assets and liabilities, than America beheld in its Lincoln Highway, suddenly, and, for the first time, an inestimable military asset—a great war-path across the continent. We realize now that the lightning mobilization of France and Germany, the incredibly swift attack, the rapid movement of munitions and supplies, owed their speed to the splendid roads of those countries.

And so the motorist, who follows the Lincoln Highway markers, perceives that America's path of peace means strength



CROSSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Charming vistas succeed each other in infinite variety. The bridge here has been replaced with a concrete structure

in war, more potent than a whole new fleet of dreadnaughts, more essential than swarms of dirigibles or aeroplanes. And this impressive path of peace and war follows the one transcontinental route, which has every superiority of topography, climate and directness.



THE HIGHWAY IN INDIANA

The great farmlands of the Middle West stretch away to the horizon on either side of the road



COACHING ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE

Not only motorists but coaching parties have found the Lincoln Highway out of Philadelphia an ideal trail

